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In modern style, and on short notice.

W. P. RUSSEL, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

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calls in the line of my profession.

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Solicitor in Chancery.

AND CLAIM AGENT,

Office at his residence, West and the Bridge,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

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Watchmaker and Jeweller,

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GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,

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SPECTACLES OF every description, FANCY

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All to be sold at the lowest rates.

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OFFICE IN DAVENPORT'S STORE.

Office Hours from 9 to 11 A.M.

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Homoeopathic Physician and Surgeon.

Office, Middlebury, Vt.

Office Hours from 7 to 8 A. M.; 12 to 1, and

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JOSEPH H. BATTELL,

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Dealer in every kind of

IMPROVED STOCK.

November 6th, 1866.

EDWARD P. RUSSEL, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

MIDDLEBURY, VT.

Offices, over the Drug Store.

July 1st, 1866.

O. S. DICKINSON,

DEALER IN

Watches and Fine Jewelry, Silver and

Plated Wares of every description.

Next door to the Post Office.

N. B.—All kinds of Job Work done to order.

Middlebury, May 16, 1866.

IRA W. CRACK,

Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law

Solicitor Chan

Particular attention paid to Bankruptcy.

Relief to insolvents and protection

to Creditors.

Middlebury, Vt. Jan. 8th, A. D. 1866.

M. H. EDDY, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

MIDDLEBURY, VT.

Office in Brewster's Block, over Simons & Co.'s

Book Store.

J. H. SIMMONS & CO.,

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Books, Stationery, Artists' Materials,

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and Picture Frames,

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E. R. WRIGHT,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law,

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

AND

CLAIM AGENT,

Middlebury, Vt.

1866.

K NAPP & CLARK,

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REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

Parties desiring to sell or purchase real estate

will find it for their advantage to call on us. We

have a few several desirable dwelling houses

and other property which we shall be happy

to show purchasers.

L. E. KNAPP. Ira W. Clark's

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R. D. FARR, Proprietor.

ESTATE MIDDLEBURY, VT.

For good Air, Water, Mountain Scenery, Trout

Fishing and pleasant Walks and Drives, it is

unparalleled in the State. Charges for day and

weekly boarders reasonable. A good Building

Alley attached. July 1st, 1866.

15th

J. S. BUSINESS, LTD.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

At Office of L. D. Eldridge, Esq. formerly be-

cause of P. Starr.

June 20th. The season at the BREAD LOAF WILL COMMENCE

\$12 per month; \$2 per day. Dinners (for visiting

parties) \$1. Feed for Horse, 50 cents.

JOSEPH BATTELL.

Ripton, Vt., May 27, 1867.

15th

NEW GRAIN AND FEED STORE.

The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand

OATS.

CORN.

FLOUR.

BRAIN.

MIXED FEEDS,

OIL MEAL.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR

INDIAN MEAL,

FLOUR OF BONE.

And various other articles. Will sell at small

margin from cost, for cash.

V. V. CLAY.

Middlebury, April 17th, 1866.

15th

Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXII.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., TUESDAY, JULY 16, 1867.

NO. 16.

MISCELLANY.

Lost in the Woods.

A LEGEND OF VERMONT.

The baby moans, and will not be comforted. In this way she passes the day and another dreadful night. She finds another fire; she stays by it and keeps it burning through the night, for she is afraid of wolves. Another morning and she is almost hopeless. Oh, will not heaven pity her? The little ones grows weaker; he cannot hold up his head. Another terrible night; the baby moans pitifully; he falls into convulsions; the next day he dies. All day she carries the little, lifeless body in her arms, and all night, beneath the unyielding stars, she holds it to her bosom.

She carried the little dead burden day after day, until the purple hue of death had settled over it, and she left, with a pang of her heart, that she must bury it. Then she looked about for a spot where she might dig the tiny grave, so deep that the wildcat and wolf would not scat it out. Weak as she was, this was no easy task, but in her wanderings she came upon a giant tree, uprooted at some former time by a hurricane. In the soft earth where the roots had lain she scooped out the baby's resting place, and, making it stiff with moss, covered the cold little form forever from her sight. Then she sat down by the grave in a stupor of grief. Hour after hour passed; how to commence the dreaded pilgrimage? Then she noted everything about the spot. Here was a rock, there stood an immense boulder. Yes, she would know the place.

"Very well," replied the husband, giving his growing child a kiss, as he started off with his hoe over his shoulder for his wheat field. His lot had been burned over and sown with wheat, but the huge stumps of the old trees, and the thick underground roots in the new land, prevented the use of the plough. All day he worked busily in the fresh soil, with the strange sound about him, eating his lunch at noon from the little basket, until the lengthened shadows of the forest around his clearing betokened sunset. Then he started off to meet his wife. A mile or two in the forest his neighbor Green had made his clearing. He went on, without meeting his wife and baby, until he got to his neighbor's door.

"Why," said Mrs. Green, in answer to his inquiries, "didn't you meet her? She hasn't gone long—only a few minutes."

"Can she possibly have missed the marked trees?" asked Robert Harris, astounded.

"Do not be alarmed, neighbor Harris," said Mr. Green, "I will go along back with you."

The two men went together through the forest, which every moment grew darker and drearier. They called Mrs. Harris's name aloud at intervals, but there came no reply. They kept saying to each other, "We may find her at home," but they were heavy at heart.

The house was reached, but the mother and baby were not there. The cow lowed to be milked, and the pigs who ran in the woods all day and came home at night, clamored for their usual feeding, but the men took no notice of them. Back again through the woods, and at last, having come to a large stream, they began to search upstream. She saw nothing but trees, trees, trees, in interminable succession. Presently she began to find the young cherry-tree leaves, and now and then she came upon a partridge's nest, and greedily sucked the eggs. After a time there were red raspberries and black thimble berries in the woods, and then she knew it was July. The trees had now put on afresh their beautiful garments. But for the delicious poetry one finds in the woods, she would have nothing to do with them.

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